

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other,
 Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
 Let some o' th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
 Must I goe like a Traytor thither?
Gard. Receiue him,
 And see him safe i' th' Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
 I haue a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
 By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
 To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Surf. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heaue'n: I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
 'T would fall vpon our selues.
Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
 The King will suffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
 How much more is his Life in value with him?
 Would I were fairely out on't.
Crom. My mind gaue me,
 In seeking tales and Informations
 Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
 And his Disciples onely enuy at,
 Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
 How much are we bound to Heauen,
 In dayly thanks; that gaue vs such a Prince;
 Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
 One that in all obedience, makes the Church
 The cheefe ayne of his Honour, and to strengthen
 That holy duty out of deare respect,
 His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare
 The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kim. You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,
 Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
 To heare such flattery now, and in my presence
 They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
 To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
 And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
 But whatsoere thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
 Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
 Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
 By all that's holy, he had better starue,
 Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;
Kim. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
 I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
 And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:
 Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
 This good man (few of you deserue that Title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowlie Foot-boy
 At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
 Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye
 Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of Malice then Integrity,
 Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,
 Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue.

Cham. Thus farre
 My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
 And faire purgation to the world then malice,
 I'm sure in me.

Kim. Well, well my Lords respect him,
 Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholding to a Subiect; I
 Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.
 Make men no more adoe, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
 I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
 That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
 You must be Godfather, and answere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliuie may glory
 In such an honour: how may I deferre it,
 That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?
Kim. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
 You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
 Duchesse of Norfolk, and Lady Marquesse Dorset: will
 these please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
 Embrace, and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
 And Brotherly loue I doe it.
Cran. And let Heauen
 Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts)
Kim. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true
 The common voyce I see is verified
 Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
 A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
 Come Lords, we trifle time away: Heng
 To haue this young one made a Christian.
 As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
 So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
 you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves,
 leaue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.
Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
 Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
 flauers, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
 Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
 Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
 Rascalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
 Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
 To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
 On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
 We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be bang'd?

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
 As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote,
 (You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
 I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand,
 To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
 That had a head to hit, either young or old,
 He or thee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
 Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
 And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her.

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Puppy,
 Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you haue me doe?
Port. What should you doe,
 But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields
 to mutter in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the
 great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs?
 Bless me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
 Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
 thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
 gether.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is
 a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Bras-
 ter by his face, for o' thy conscience twenty of the Dog-
 dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
 vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-
 Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
 was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
 like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberda-
 shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,
 till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling
 such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
 and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
 might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
 her succour, which were the hope o' th' Scord where she
 was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
 length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I decide 'em
 still, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,
 deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
 draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
 Duell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
 and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
 tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
 their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of
 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
 these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
 Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
 They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,
 As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
 These lazy knaues? Y haue made a fine hand fellowes?
 Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
 Your faithfull friends o' th' Suburbs? We shall haue
 Great store of roomes no doubt, left for the Ladies,
 When they passe backe from the Christening?

Port. And't please your Honour,
 We are but men; and what so many may doe,
 Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
 An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
 If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all

By th' heeles, and todainly:
 Clap pound Fines for negle
 And heere ye lye baiting o
 Ye should doe Service. Ha
 Th' are come already from
 Go breake among the preat
 To let the Troope passe fai
 A Marshallley, shall hold
Port. Make way there,
Man. You great fellow
 Stand close vp, or Ile make
Port. You i' th' Chamber
 Ile peck you o're the pale

Scena

Enter Trumpets sounding:

*Carter, Cranmer, Duke
 Staffe, Duke of Suffolke,
 standing Bowles for the
 Noblemen bearing a Can
 Norfolk, Godmother, be
 a Mantle, &c. Traine b
 the Marchionesse Dorset
 dies. The Troope passe o
 ter speaks.*

Gari. Heauen
 From thy endlesse goodnes
 Long, and euer happie, to
 Princesse of England Eliz

Flourish. Enter

Cran. And to your Roy
 My Noble Partners, and n
 All comfort, ioy in this m
 Heauen euer laid vp to ma
 May hourelly fall vpon ye.

Kim. Thanke you good
 What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kim. Stand vp Lord,
 With this Kisse, take my
 Into whose hand, I giue th

Cran. Amen.

Kim. My Noble Gossip
 I thanke ye heartily: So
 When she ha's so much E

Cran. Let me speake S
 For Heauen now bids me
 Let none thinke Flattery;
 This Royall Infant, Heaue

Though in her Cradle; ye
 Vpon this Land a thousan
 Which Time shall bring
 (But few now liuing can b
 A Patterne to all Princes)

And all that shall succeed
 More couetous of Wifed
 Then this pure Soule shal
 That mould vp such a mig

With all the Vertues that
 Shall still be doubled on h